

Title: Vaen Biography Book 3

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Chapter 6 - Luna Battles

The Dark Order had been threatening a raid on Luna for quite some time. Along with them, the Drow and the Stormreaver Orcs have set up camp outside the outer walls of Luna. Talk has been around that they will be raiding, so Sanctus summoned up their allies and stationed them around.

Among those alliances, the Legion of Justice were included. Though very small, the powers of Valatin, Rachel, and Vaen would prove to be great indeed.

As soon as battle noises sound, Vaen led the three to scout the outer wall. As nothing was seen, they traveled to the North gate, where numerous opponents met them. Instantly, the Legion of Justice used tactics that the opponents were not ready for, and instantly several of them fell.

Throughout the battle, the Legion of Justice proved to be a force to reckon with, taking a kill count of twelve, while having all of its members surviving. Among the many killed were Beldon, Tarothin Armunn, Icarus Darwin, and Joseph Galigore.

This day, there was no clear victor of the war. However, the Dark Order and their allies were unable to fully penetrate the outer wall, and will be forced to try again at a later date.

Chapter 7 - Possession

Vaen recalled into his front lawn after just waking up from a wonderful night. He smiled, and started walking towards his front door. Behind him, he felt a presence. He felt a little uneasy, so he quickly walked into his house and closed the door. Glancing around, he walked forward and turned around facing the door. From the door, emerged a figure in a hooded shroud. Vaen's eyes widened and his jaw dropped. The figure moved slowly towards Vaen.
"W..Who....what.... are you?" Vaen asked.

"Vaen..."

Vaen backed away towards the west side of the house, but the figure turned and followed him directly. Vaen quickly ran to a teleporter and teleported to the top floor. He watched the teleporter, just to make sure the ghost didn't follow. He smiled, seeing that the ghost didn't appear on the teleporter. He turned, only to be startled by that same figure, which was close enough to smell his putrid breath which reaked of soil and decaying corpses.
"Vaen..."

Vaen gathered himself and stood up, and looked at the figure. "Who... are you?"

"Vaen... remove my hood..."

Vaen reached to the figure and removed his hood. At the moment he saw the figure's face, his heart dropped. Even through the small pieces of flesh that just barely hung from the bone on the face of this figure, he knew who it was. It was his old best friend whom he was forced to kill a couple years ago.

"You killed me, Vaen..."

Vaen moved his mouth, but no words came out. His eyes grew wider as the figure reached out for Vaen.

"Join me... Vaen... Join your old best friend..."

Vaen shook his head, and took a step back.

Behind Marcus, two other hooded figures appeared. They removed their hoods and stared right at Vaen. It was Tyrun and Gerta, Marcus's uncle and father. They all started laughing at Vaen, and moving towards him. Vaen backed up slowly. "Stay back...!"

They ignored him, and continued moving further. At that moment, both Talen and Firal, Vaen's brother and father, came to the top floor to look on to the shadowy figures in horror.

"Gerta...." Firal said, staring blankly.

Gerta smiled. "So, Firal, we see eachother again. Hopefully you can forgive me for killing that wench of yours, mmm?"

"He should thank you, Father. She was a low-class harlet. Who in their right mind would marry a miner, anyway?" Marcus said, chuckling.

Firal grew in anger, but stayed back. He clenched his fists, staring at Gerta.

Talen stepped forward in front of Vaen and Firal. "Go back from where you came from."

"And who is going to make us leave?" Tyron said, laughing slightly.

Talen glanced around, thinking for a moment. "Marcus, you've caused Vaen enough damage. He's your old best friend, don't you th---"

"He killed me! He caused my death. Is that what best friends are for? I think not!"

Vaen looked at the three of them and narrowed his eyes. He pushed himself forward and charged at the three Stanims, only to pass right through them and fall on the ground behind him. The three of them laughed, and then disappeared. Vaen groaned. Firal and Talen walked over to Vaen, helping him up.

"You alright?" Firal asked.

Vaen nodded. "What's going on?"

"Not quite sure..." Firal mumbled.

"We're going into hiding Vaen. Until we can figure something out." stated Talen.

"What?! I'm not going to hide from anything."

"Vaen, it might be for the best..." Firal added.

Vaen: No!

"You don't understand Vaen, this is for your best interest." Talen urged.

"Talen, will you let me live my own life just for once? I'm nineteen, I think I know what I'm doing from time to time."

Talen sighed.

"Besides, if we go into hiding, that's just giving the Stanims time to gather and grow in power." said Vaen.

Firal looked to Talen.
"He's right..."

Talen nodded. "Fine, Vaen. Do what you want." Talen walked off and made his way to the first floor.

"Be careful, Vaen. You hear?"

Vaen nodded. Firal made his way to the first floor as well. Vaen walked to the edge of the top floor and looked south, down the grasspath to the backroads of Vesper and Minoc. In a distance, he saw the three figures form once again. They all waved to Vaen, and Vaen

narrowed his eyes. A deep, echoing laugh could be heard as two of the figures disappeared. The final one disappeared within seconds after the other two, and reappeared behind Vaen. Vaen turned around and looked through the hood to see Marcus again. Marcus laughed, and walked into Vaen. Vaen's body shook, and his eyes rolled into his head. He fell to the ground. Firal and Talen, hearing the thud, ran up.

"Vaen, are you alright!?" Firal asked.

"Vaen...!?" Talen said, worrying for his brother.

Vaen laughed. "Talen! Fir--Father, I am well. Worry not!" Vaen let out a deep laugh as he stood up.

Firal glanced at Vaen.
"You sure?"